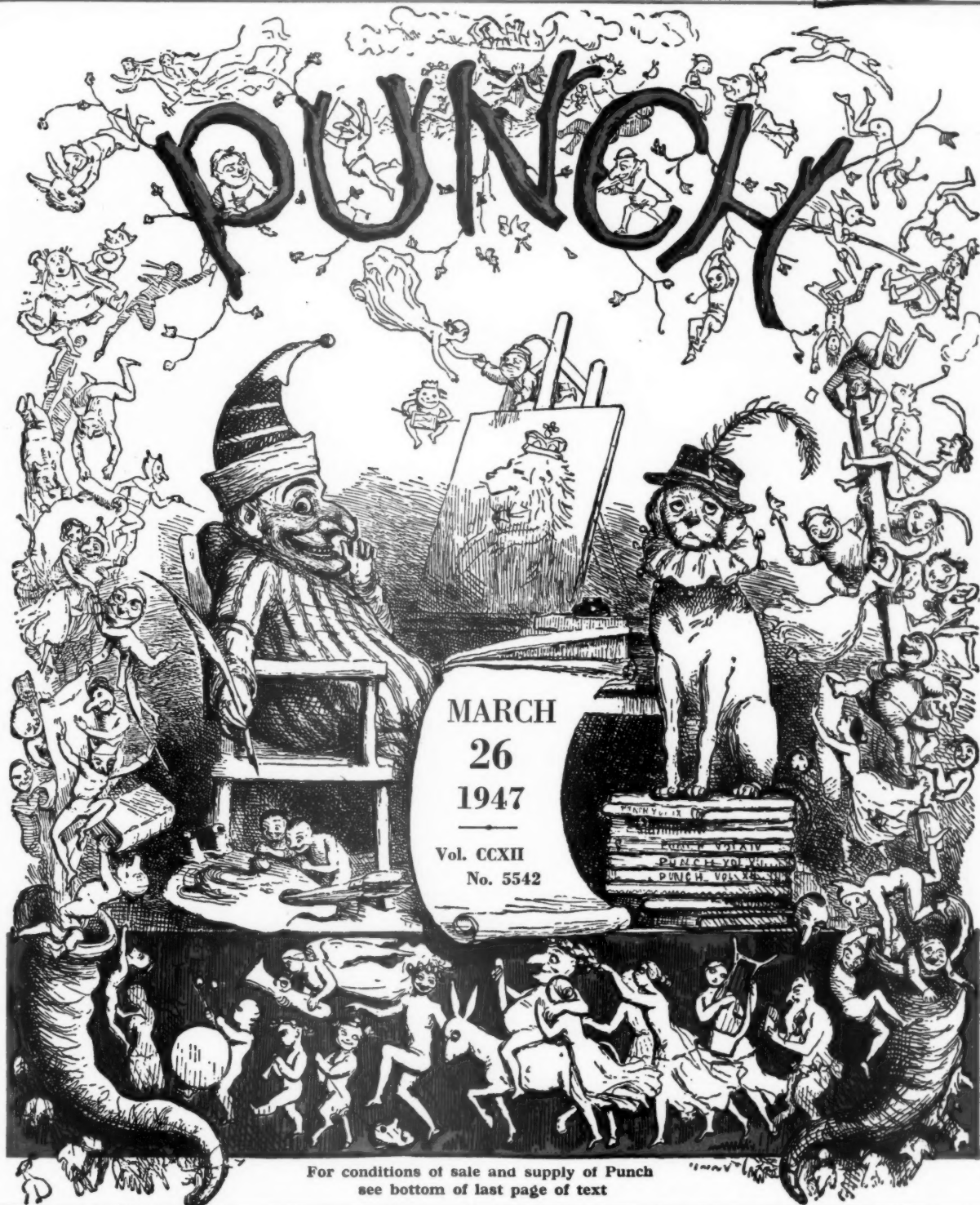


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see bottom of last page of text

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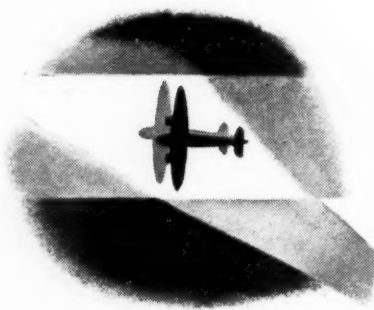


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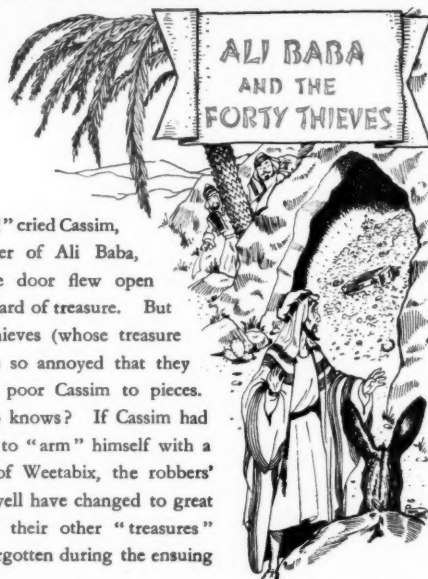


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"Open Sesame!" cried Cassim, greedy brother of Ali Baba, and the cave door flew open to reveal a hoard of treasure. But the Forty Thieves (whose treasure it was!) were so annoyed that they promptly cut poor Cassim to pieces. But . . . who knows? If Cassim had only thought to "arm" himself with a few packets of Weetabix, the robbers' anger might well have changed to great delight—and their other "treasures" completely forgotten during the ensuing feast!

W.42

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## The Rolex Oyster again comes to England

THE OYSTER, pride of the Rolex Company of Geneva and first waterproof watch in the world, will soon be arriving from Switzerland in small quantities. The thousands who bought Oysters before and during the war know that this is a watch that, for all its elegance of design, is as strong and unfailingly accurate as a ship's chronometer—a watch as right for the drawing-room as for the golf

course. The Rolex Oyster in stainless steel is a proud possession.

ANOTHER MEMBER of the Rolex family, the Tudor, also in stainless steel, is being imported in small but increasing quantities. The Tudor is the perfect watch for those who want a genuine Swiss movement at a lower price. Every watch bears the Rolex label of guarantee, proof positive of its reliability.

QUANTITIES are still very small in proportion to the demand, but the next few months will add both to the number of watches and the variety of models. Meanwhile, leading jewellers do have Rolex watches, and may be able to satisfy your long-felt desire to own one of the finest watches ever made in Switzerland.

ROLEX, creators of the first wrist chronometer (1914) and the first waterproof watch, also presented the first self-winding and the first calendar watch—neither of them yet available in Britain.



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WRIST CHRONOMETERS

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(H. WILSDORF, Managing Director)

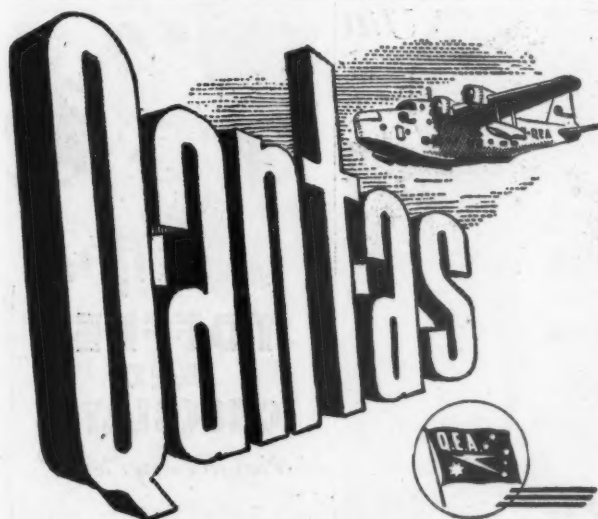
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*Lady Hamilton*  
from a portrait by George Romney

Emma, Lady Hamilton, was born of humble parents in Cheshire, yet in her early twenties she lived in a luxurious London flat, the gift of Sir Charles Greville. She travelled to Naples with Sir William Hamilton (an uncle of Sir Charles), and they married there, in 1791. Later she met Lord Nelson who became deeply attached to her. After the death of her husband and of Lord Nelson, she died in extreme poverty at Calais, although Nelson had expressly directed that she should be cared for. Her beauty still lives in the many portraits painted by Romney.

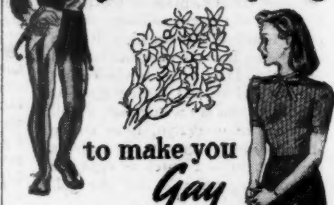
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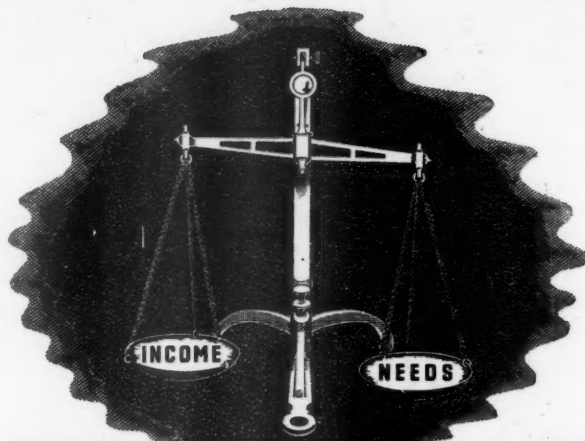
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EXAMPLE: A man of 35 for only £11 per annum can provide that, should he die before reaching age 60, £100 per annum, Tax free, will be paid to his widow or other dependants until the date when he would have reached age 60 with a guaranteed minimum benefit of £275 even if death occurs just prior to age 60.

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Protection covers period of greatest need for family maintenance and education.  
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## Edgegrip Shoes for Golf

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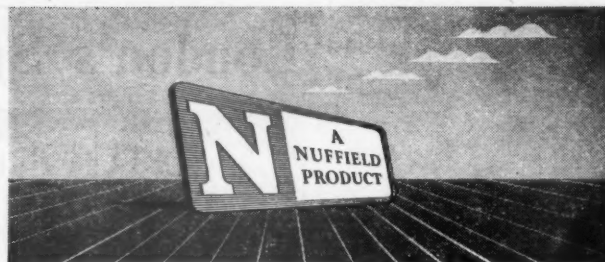
CHAPLINS  EST'D. 1867



## Cmdr. Campbell's QUIZ

- Q. What is the difference between a hookah and a hubble-bubble?
- A. No difference. Both are names for the water pipes used in the East. The smoker holds a long, flexible tube and draws smoke through a large glass vessel filled with cool, scented water. But you don't need to call in a plumber to get a cool smoke—have a fill of Murray's.
- Q. What is Latakia?
- A. A Syrian type of tobacco. All good pipe mixtures—like Murray's—have some Latakia. It's "knowing how" that gives the perfect blend.
- Q. Who first used tobacco, and why?
- A. American Indians burnt it as incense. When they first saw Drake and his crew, they imagined them to be gods, and presented them with bags of finest tobacco. What better present now for pipe smokers than a tin of Murray's Mellow Mixture! Fragrant, rich, even-burning and comforting. And it's only 2/9 an ounce.

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MURRAY, SONS AND CO. LTD., BELFAST,  
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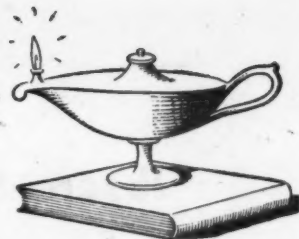
Here is the pooled wisdom and experience of a dozen free enterprises, not squandered in rivalry but shared in efficient co-operation.

This announcement is to remind you of the benefits which these manufacturers (with their many thousands of fine craftsmen) by joining forces, can confer on you as a motorist.

But remember that while these concerns are freely associated they yet retain their individuality.

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**THE NUFFIELD ORGANISATION**  
Morris • Wolseley • Riley • M.G. • Morris Commercial



## "In the present state of medical knowledge..."

The wise doctor of to-day is no "medicine man": he readily admits that medical science has a lot to learn about nerves and nerve strain. But whatever new discoveries the future may hold, one truth is unassailable: nerves need adequate supplies of organic phosphorus and protein. In other words they need 'Sanatogen' Nerve Tonic, for only in 'Sanatogen' can be found organic phosphorus and protein in chemical combination.

## 'SANATOGEN'

Regd. Trade Mark

### NERVE TONIC

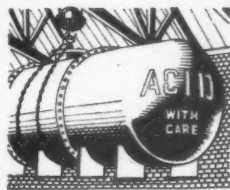
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Rubber forms an essential part of nearly everything used in the storage, processing and transport of corrosive chemicals. It is the best and (in the long run) the cheapest protector of personnel and equipment.

In its best known applications, rubber is used for lining the road and railway

tanks which convey virulent acids; in every chemical works there are tanks, vats, vessels and pipe lines similarly armoured. Rubber can be applied to wood or metal and is infinitely more resistant to the devouring action of (say) hydrochloric acid, which literally eats steel or iron.

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AN IBSEN curtain-line that's almost a whisper — or the port-wine voice of Colonel Chinstrap not minding if he does. In either case you want your radio to give you the true sound and all the sound. And Ferranti sets give you just that.

What's more, they give you dependable listening. No need to mess or meddle. And if eventually some repair is needed, remember only the best dealers are Ferranti dealers—men who provide real service.



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ER 358-96

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**"Is that all there  
is for supper?"**

"TO hear him talk you'd think it was easy to produce a good meal every night of the week. Let him try! No, actually, he's very reasonable, and now that I give him Benger's Food last thing, he says it's very satisfying and he sleeps better and it seems to soothe his digestion. Benger's must be very good for one because I've felt so much fitter since I started having it every night."

Benger's Food contains active digestive enzymes which partially pre-digest the milk. You absorb its full nutriment without digestive strain. That is why Benger's is so good for you. At chemists and grocers, from 1/9 a tin.

BENGER'S LTD., HOLMES CHAPEL, CHESHIRE.





# PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCXII No. 5542

March 26 1947

## Charivaria

AN elaborate escape plan sewn into a convict's clothing was recently unearthed by the prison authorities. He now rather wishes he had adopted a reliable filing system instead.

o o

The site of a famous London publishing house was once a swamp. There wasn't much binding in the marsh then.

o o

Owing to the increased cost of living prospective millionaires who used to arrive in London with sixpence in their pockets are now asked to bring a shilling.



A Kennington correspondent says he can see the gasworks from his kitchen window. When the pressure is low he blows down a pipe for fun to see the Oval gasometers pop up.

o o

Mr. Emmet Forward, Please!

"Residents of the village of Woolaston, Glos., walked several miles in the blizzard carrying steaming pots of tea to passengers in a wrecked long-distance motor coach."—*Daily Telegraph*."

o o

It has all happened before: cynics remind us that we planned Waterloo Bridge.

A riverside bungalow dweller, who all winter has complained of the smoke coming down his chimney, has now had the unique experience of watching his bath fill via the waste-pipe. He expects a cheque from the income-tax authorities any day now.

o o

A Walton-on-Naze housewife says that a warm fire can be made by placing empty food tins in a mixture of damp slack, tightly-rolled newspapers and candle-ends. She may yet become the sweetheart of the National Coal Board.

o o

"Water from the hoses freezes, and so did the firemen's tunics."  
"Evening Standard."

Tiddely-pom.

o o

Extra money was demanded by dockers recently for handling a cargo of onions in bags which had burst. A straightforward claim for lachrimoney.

o o

"— Guest House, booking now for Easter; h. & c. water in beds."—*Adet. in "Kentish Times."*  
Thames Valley papers please copy.

o o

Many football-matches have been postponed this season owing to the weather. But there is no suggestion that there should be a Pools Promoters' Flag Day.



← TO THE GRAND BENEFIT MATCH IN AID OF POOR POOL PR



## Mere Fantasy

IT all began with a little thing as great things often do,  
It all began with a man who rose and his wife beside  
him too,  
And cried aloud to the listening crowd "We will not dine  
on glue."

It all began with a man who rose and pushed his soup aside  
And led the banqueters into the street and would not be  
denied,  
And madness fell on the *Maitre d'Hôtel*. The chef broke  
down and cried.

The diners are out on strike to-night. They have struck  
for the ancient things,  
For a piece of meat that is fit to eat, for a bird that is more  
than strings,  
For a bottle on ice that is less than the price of a pair of  
ransomed kings.

The diners are out on strike to-night. Their faces are grim  
and grey,  
They tread the street on their elegant feet. Their bills  
they do not pay.

They picket the doors by twos and fours, and the scabs  
are turned away.

The waiters hang in a huddled group. They shall not add  
to their hire.

They peer in vain through the window pane. To-night  
there is no desire

For joint or fish. There is none to wish for *Le Haut Pot  
Lancashire*.

For many a year the over-tipped have warred with the  
underfed,

But a moment comes when the weak must rise. They  
only need to be led.

They have downed their knives and forks at last and left  
their bits of bread.

From East to West there is wild unrest. With faces pinched  
and blue

The fasters stand in a well-dressed band, or come to the  
doors and boo,

The diners are out on strike to-night. They will not dine  
on glue. EVOE.

## Towards the Millennium

I DON'T know whether the following correspondence is  
of general interest.

*Myself to Fred Jolly, Builder and Contractor—March 3rd.*  
I shall be glad if you will come and look at my garage door.

*Ditto—March 10th.*

The frost has forced up the gravel in front of my garage,  
with the result that the left-hand door has been sticking  
badly and the strain has now caused the upright piece of  
wood that has the hinges in it to come away from the  
brickwork. The door is jammed half open so that I  
cannot get the car out. I wrote to you about this last week.

*Ditto—March 17th.*

Last night's gale blew the branch of a tree through the  
back window of my car. This could never have happened  
if the garage door had been shut, as it would have been  
if anything had been done about the two letters I have  
already written to you on this subject. The branch is  
wedged inside the car, and apart from the damage there is  
an old thrush's nest in it, which makes for litter. I shall be  
glad if you will make it convenient to call at an early date.

*Fred Jolly, Builder and Contractor, to Myself—March 20th.*

There's others worse off and will call when round your  
way. Mr. Attlee said those that complain got no business  
without they do useful work or words in that respect.  
I have Mrs. French with all tiles off and booked up weeks  
on with pipes and that besides two men home with flue  
and shortages all round. Timber is cronic again but will  
Saturday AM.

*Myself to Fred Jolly—March 24th.*

I waited in all Saturday AM, when you said you would,  
but you didn't. It is no business of yours whether I do  
useful work or not. Mr. Attlee said labour should give  
of its best and not be daunted by difficulties. He never

said you should promise Saturday AM and then not, if  
you call that useful work. I have had police patrol cars  
three nights running to tell me my garage door is open,  
and the last lot tried to kick it shut, so please bring a new  
jamb when you come if they are not too chronic.

A pair of blackbirds have been flying in and out of the  
car and now that the warmer weather has come anything  
may happen. It is all very well, but if I cannot get my  
car out before the end of March what is to happen to my  
February coupons? Mr. Attlee said the aim of the Govern-  
ment was to give all our citizens the opportunity for living  
full and fine lives. If you are so keen on Mr. Attlee, what  
sort of fine life do you suppose I am going to have with  
blackbirds nesting on the back seat of my car all through  
the summer? Democracy doesn't mean fixing Mrs. French's  
tiles and doing absolutely nothing about my garage door,  
let me tell you; that's class war—and unless you come this  
week I shall ring up Burgess and Sons instead.

*Fred Jolly to Myself—March 25th.*

My boy was round Friday afternoon and nobody there.  
So we never come Saturday as arranged. Your door will  
have to come down and refit but you never said the jam  
was broke and will have to get it special.

P.S.—Your letter come this PM. Burgess has his  
timber per me and I am cronic in that respect as in my  
earlier. I will take coopons off of you if no use and oblige.

*Myself to Burgess and Sons (Works Executed)—March 26th.*

I am a strong supporter of the Government and do useful  
work. Will you please come and wrench my garage door  
off its hinges and take it away. The timber is sound and  
there is also some unseasoned wood in my car if that would  
be of any use.

Mr. Attlee said we must use our limited resources in the  
best way, and I know you will do all you can to co-operate.

I hope you and your sons are living full and fine lives  
at present. H. F. E.





THE RESCUE PARTY



*"Mine's got the Africa Star AND the Burma Star."*

### **An Industrial Case-Book**

**A**S Welfare and Industrial Relations Officer of one of Britain's largest firms, the Snacker and Diplocket Small Things Co. (1928), Ltd., I have only to lift my finger to put it on the public's pulse. When I add that I carry about with me a small set of aluminium callipers for gauging the nation's reactions you will realize that what I have to say about the industrial crisis is based on something more than guesswork.

During the war the Suggestions Box outside my door was never empty—a fact which caused some of the male operatives to complain bitterly. But it was hardly my fault. There were so many bright ideas for increasing output that to have used them all would have meant dangerous over-production and bottle-necks as obstructive as those with glass marbles in them. Now

things are different: hints and suggestions are welcomed and for every one published we will pay due acknowledgment.

Very well, then. I place my hand in the box—and here they come.

The first note is from Miss Elsa Bradditch, assistant supervisor in the shellacking department. She writes: "It's all very well asking us to go on nights, but what price the B.B.C.? Why should we pay a quid for a licence when we can only listen at week-ends? The evening programmes should be repeated from 8.0 A.M. until 1.0 P.M. Last week I missed six quiz programmes and Geraldo. It isn't good enough."

Mr. Henry Wainscot, shop-steward in the packing-yard, writes: "Extra rations would help enormously. At present we get enough grub to keep us

reasonably fit but not enough to stop us worrying about calories. One politician says we need so many, another says so many more (a figure of 2,400 has been mentioned), but we're completely in the dark and are fretting ourselves sick. Incidentally, shouldn't there be some statement about how many red and how many white calories we need? And can you tell me whether canteen cocoa is as rich in anti-pellagra vitamin as Mr. Snacker claims?"

The third is somewhat cryptic. It asks "Is there a Stakhanovite in the house?" and is signed "Disgusted."

Next comes a note from Keith Herbishley, presser in the exports branch of the pothooks and trivets department, who writes: "Why suspend mid-week football altogether? Surely the matches could be played behind

locked gates and running commentaries broadcast to us while we work. A dozen Raymond Glendennings could win the Battle For Output for us without mucking up the promotion and relegation struggle. If transport is the difficulty you could scrap the games altogether and do the commentaries from the studio."

"Scores of men in my department," writes James W. Croom, "stand at their benches all day, twiddling their thumbs and waiting for materials, tools, guidance and knocking-off time. A few busy themselves surreptitiously making souvenirs—odd shells, stray bullets, tank-rivets, etc.—out of pieces of old scrap. It is tragic. Before the war this shop had a weekly output of 21,000 petrol-lighters. Times change indeed!"

The final note in this batch comes from Mr. Laurence Tapline, screw-gear "wincher" in the emporium-and shop-fittings division. He writes: "In my view half the absenteeism and short time to-day is caused by monkeying with the clock. Daylight saving is a myth that should be exploded. Stand back! On April 12th when Double Summer Time comes into force the nation will lose another three million\* man-hours of production from the night-shift workers. Even if this time is made up next August when the clock goes back (and I very much doubt it) not all of the £450,000† sacrificed in this devilry will be recouped. There will be the six months' interest on it—£11,250, if my calculations are correct and if Mr. Dalton's cheap money policy keeps the rate down to 2½ per cent.

"But D.S.T.," Mr. Tapline goes on, "is not the only example of clock-tinkering: now you are staggering our hours, holidays and meals! As a supreme example of bureaucratic folly let me quote the experience of my daughter, Mrs. Chloe Thoroughfare. A month ago she agreed to go on nights and received an increase in pay amounting to twenty-five shillings a week. Then, the firm started to play about with staggered hours to suit the transport people and the Ministry of F. and P. and Chloe's night-shift slipped back three hours. A week later the manoeuvre was repeated and my daughter, along with seven hundred other girls, found herself working a night-shift in the day-time—and getting paid extra for it! Why don't you planners read your Marx again?"

Hod.

\* A very rough estimate, no doubt.

† Based on a flat rate of three shillings an hour.

## A Little Knowledge

"WOULD you ask me a question, sir?"

In Regent Street, I feel, one's bearing should not be too readily approachable, and I wrenched my fur tippet rather sharply from the stranger's detaining hand.

"What sort of question?" I said stiffly.

"Just a easy one to start me off," he replied, with a sort of curtesy and an ingratiating flutter of his eyelids.

I regarded him stonily. I have always distrusted men with bell-tent shoulders who hitch the tape of their coat over their back collar-stud. It deceives no one.

"You see, sir," he went on, "I'm practising for one o' these 'ere quiz programmes on the B.B.C."

"Why not practise at home?"

"Me landlady won't have it, sir. I live in a boarding-house, and every time I bang the gong they all come rushing down to dinner."

"Surely you don't use a gong?" I said impatiently.

"It makes it more real, sir. You see, I get so flustered. I know the answers, but when anyone asks me I can't think of 'em. Try me with a easy one, and see 'ow I get on."

"Very well," I said, relenting. "I can spare you five minutes, no more. What would you like questions on?"

"Geography," he smiled, handing over a large gong.

He clasped his hands nervously as I poised it near his head ready for instant use.

"What is the name of the highest mountain in the world?"

He peered at the sky, pale and distraught, his right foot beating madly at his left ankle. The crowd began whispering.

"Don't prompt him," I frowned. "It spoils the whole thing."

"Dash it, I know the answer," he cried, drumming his fingers madly on his cheek, "but I just can't call it to mind with all these people watching me."

"Fifteen seconds left," I warned him coldly.

"Couldn't you give me a small clue?" he pleaded.

"I doubt if I should ever rest if I did that," I smiled.

"Ho, you wouldn't, wouldn't you?" he snapped. "What's the harm in giving me just a hint?"

Time was up, and I thrashed the

gong and waited until the reverberations died away into a dull aching throb.

"Now for your forfeit," I began brightly, "I want you to imagine that you are a housewife singing an aria from 'La Bohème' to Mr. Shinwell—"

"That's the wrong programme!" he shouted indignantly. "I don't want no forfeits. Just give me four questions."

A policeman forced his way through the crowd and I hastily concealed the gong beneath my tippet.

"What's going on here?" he demanded.

"Ask me one question at a time," exclaimed the quiz addict. "How can I think if you all keep on at me?"

"Who d'you think you're talking to?" asked the policeman with some heat.

"The highest mountain in the world," said the other thoughtfully. "If I could only think what they call it."

"What's your name and address?" said the policeman, producing his notebook.

"Don't fluster me!" cried the other, beating his forehead. "I nearly 'ad it—it was on the tip of me tongue."

That made four questions, and I intervened genially.

"It's merely a quiz practice, officer," I explained. "I think you might overlook it this time."

"He's causing an obstruction," he replied sternly, "and he doesn't even know his own name."

"That's merely because he's worried over Mount Everest," I urged. "Questions fluster him. Surely you are a quiz enthusiast?"

"No, I'm not," he said. "What's the point of keep on asking a lot of silly questions?"

I glanced at my watch and thought furiously for sixty seconds, but it was useless. I beat a mournful note on the gong. . . .

Does anyone want to buy a gong—price forty shillings?

Mr. T. Harrison, Midlands regional director of the Arts Council of Great Britain, spoke on the work of the Council at the monthly meeting of Coventry Central Townswomen's Guild in Queen's Road Baptist Church Hall. Community singing and miming followed.

"A fine of £2 was imposed."

Coventry paper.

There's gratitude!



## Translations from the Ish

### CAREFUL, BOYS

IN one column,  
"Shops and factories closed  
In protest at . . ."

In another,  
"Factories and shops  
Closed in celebration of . . ."

Keeping up production  
Is a hair's-breadth business.  
Try not to annoy them—  
And before you know where you are  
They're *pleased*.

### SCORER'S ERROR

"That wasn't a cheer!"  
Said the M.P., indignantly.  
"It was a *counter-cheer*!"

### THE LEGAL MIND

Now, suppose that,  
Reading the newspaper report  
Of an exceedingly solemn libel action  
I make a point of displaying  
Uproarious  
Amusement.

Could I be sued for slander?

### THE AUDIENCE

"If it takes 'em longer  
Than ten seconds  
To see the point,"  
Said the radio comedian,

"Towards the end of the laugh  
(Staggered by their own intellectual  
power)  
They'll begin to clap."

### POINT OF VIEW

As for that peculiar-tasting  
Metallic stuff  
On the gingerbread,

I can only suppose it was gilt.

### MULTI-FOCAL

"I keep reading of people,"  
Said the Ish visitor,  
"Who are described as  
*Much*-bespectacled.

Tell me, where can I see them  
And how long are their noses?  
Does there have to be room for  
Five or six pairs?"

### BRAINS ARE NOT FATAL

Before you assume  
That being a fashionable London  
preacher

Is incompatible with solid worth,

Remember Sydney Smith.

### WAR-TIME SNAPSHOT

Remember?  
On the blank, clear sky

One noticed suddenly—*there!*—  
A microscopic  
Cuneiform  
Inscription.

### NO SMOKE WITHOUT FIRE

Now, what can possibly  
Have been his  
Carefully-hidden motive  
For leaving his coat-collar  
Turned up?

Why should she  
Have paid with two sixpences  
Although she had a shilling?

Why did they both choose  
To step on to the pavement  
With the right foot?

That many of our own decisions  
Are quite accidental  
We know very well,  
But how uninteresting life would  
be  
If we admitted this  
About other people's!

### FLOOD STORY

"... and the river Oise,"  
Narrated the traveller,  
"in the east."

"Bless me," said his friend,  
Waking up,  
"Where is it now?" R. M.

## Do You Like It?

WELL, what do you think of it? I saw the parcel lying in the hall as I came in and I simply *had* to rush upstairs and try it on. Do you like it—I mean do you like me in it?

Of course it isn't long, it's an afternoon dress. Or for sort of smart shopping underneath my fur, or cocktail parties with my blue hat. For instance, I could wear it to the Dixons' on Saturday only they live in the *depths*, or last month when I called for Goof at the Rowlands' party and parents had drinks.

Oh, don't be an absolute loss, the Wellingtons haven't got anything to do with it, it's just that I had them on in the garden and haven't bothered to change. You needn't look at them, it's just the *dress*.

What pink stuff? Where? Oh, I haven't done it all up the back, it takes

hours, that's all. There's a gap. But you can get the idea of the thing. And I'll tell you what's most terribly useful; you see, you can take this thing off the skirt here, you see it undoes, she said it undid, round here I think . . . it undoes, and then it makes a sort of little cape if you prefer . . ."

No, not to hide the pink stuff. I told you that wasn't *there* when it's done up; just to make it more sort of dressy, or for a change. Lots of people are wearing these little capes. Do you think I look fatter with it here or as it was round the hips?

Oh, you're *maddening*. I told you I just rushed up and put it on. These aren't the stockings I'm going to wear with it, and do you *really* suppose I'd have this foul old woollen scarf round my head! I told you, the *blue* hat."

How do you mean, "barrel effect"?

Oh, *that's* all right, you needn't take any notice of that. It won't be like that when the belt comes. She said she'd send it on a day or two later, they're waiting for the buckle. Look, about like this. And a big gold buckle with two sort of drops at the side. Do you like it? As much as my green woollen one?

I didn't *ask* you to be a prophet. You just haven't got the slightest imagination and you can't remember a *thing*, and you keep on making idiotic remarks about boots and pink stuff and things that haven't got anything to do with it at all. No, I haven't got a picture of what it will really look like and dressmakers don't have guide-books as you call them. Really, it's absolutely no use showing you *anything* at all. You're just thoroughly wet and damping and . . .

I'm jolly glad if it *did* slam.

## ECONOMICS FOR BEGINNERS



1939. It becomes evident that if he is going to stand up to Germany, John Bull will have to take off his coat and roll up his shirt-sleeves.



1940. It becomes fairly evident that if he is going to take on Germany and Italy single-handed, J. B. will have to roll up his shirt-sleeves a bit more.



1941. It becomes plainly evident that if he isn't going to be pushed out of Europe altogether, J. B. will have to roll up his shirt-sleeves still further.



1942. It becomes increasingly evident that if he isn't going to be pushed out of Asia and Africa as well, J. B. will have to roll up his shirt-sleeves further still.



1943. It becomes conclusively evident that if he is going to keep up the struggle at all, J. B. will have to roll up his shirt-sleeves still more.



1944. It becomes overwhelmingly evident that if he is ever going to get across the Channel again, and stay there, J. B. will have to roll up his shirt-sleeves still more again.



1945. It becomes abundantly evident that if he is ever going to finish the job, J. B. will have to roll up his shirt-sleeves very much more.



1946. It becomes startlingly evident that if he is ever going to get any order out of the prevailing chaos, J. B. will have to roll up his shirt-sleeves very much more again.



1947. It becomes quite evident that what J. B. needs is a new shirt.

## Letter from Denmark

## An Idea for Examinations

DEAR EDITOR,—I just heard of a gentleman having passed the matric. at the age of seventy-two. Have you ever imagined how many advantages there are passing the examination at that age?

You have no speculations on raising money, as you can live by pension while studying, and you don't need to be a burden to your parents.

When having passed the examination you may apply for a post for which it qualifies; and as soon as you have got it, you can retire with a pension. In this manner you save the institution in which you take up the post for many years' wages.

Further, an undergraduate at seventy-two may be supposed to possess a certain maturity, so that he doesn't

get tempted to recklessness by bad friends.

And regarding the housing situation, it would be a considerable advantage if the homes for the aged might be merged in the students' colleges.

In short: I find a development in this tenor should be encouraged.

Respectfully yours,

AGE V. H—.



"No, she's out at the moment—she's at the Ideal Home Exhibition."

## Culture

ORDINARY readers—by which I mean the people who, every time they replace the bath-stopper on the chain feel they have made the world a better place—need not fear that this impressively-titled article will be above their heads. I only wanted to denote that to-day I am dealing with things of the mind as opposed to, say, washing-up. I got the idea from thinking suddenly that I had never told my readers anything about opera, with which undeniably mental aspect of life I shall begin.

Opera may be defined as a great wodge of singing got up like a play. It takes place, as a play does, in a theatre, with a curtain and footlights and draughts and people in dressing-up clothes milling round on the stage, but over and above all this you get this huge quantity of singing, beginning the moment the curtain rises on the first act and continuing until it falls on the last, or even carrying on a few seconds after, to make sure. The orchestra, as is only right, is more important in an opera than at a play; it is not just an occasional violin-bow darting up over the brass rail to remind the customers that they are not being fobbed off with a gramophone, but a definite branch of the performance, criticism of which during an interval shows the critic to be very musical indeed. As you might expect, there is a lot of criticism of an opera in the intervals, with the clever people picking out the good and the bad bits like mad and the others agreeing judiciously; but you do not, as at a play, get even the simplest people wondering to each other what will happen next. This is because all operas have happened many times before, and to show interest in the plot, except in a very sophisticated way which would take up too much time, would be to admit ignorance; and ignorance is what opera audiences are very keen not to admit. But apart from its conversation an opera audience has many points in common with a theatre audience in the intervals; you get the same apologetic sideways shuffling, the same difficulty in extracting coat-sleeves from the sides of tipped-down seats, the same superstition that anyone holding on to a programme for

more than a minute ought to hand it to someone else, and the same little eddies of helpfulness which denote that someone has dropped a spectacle-case.

In the outside world opera has an important place. It may be broadcast whole or in pieces. If whole, it will be settled down to, with the remark that it spoils most operas to see them. If a single aria (as most people feel safe in calling any song from an opera) is broadcast, then there will be a bit of speculating over which one it is; everyone will know it, but no one will be able to put a name to it for a period varying from five seconds to as long as it takes to find the *Radio Times*. Anything not an aria is a recitative, which may be defined as a kind of chunnering leading up to something. The only other points I wish to make about opera are that not as many people know the "Jewel Song" from *Faust* as think they ought to, and that anyone not recognizing the overture to *William Tell* makes a mental note not to be caught next time.

I THINK I should say a few words about ballet. Ballet is noted for having more enthusiastic enthusiasts than anything else, even golf. Basically it consists of dancing done by people who can walk about on the toe end of their feet to an unparalleled degree. The public knows that ballet-dancers wear special shoes, but even so think them frightfully clever. The other things the public (I am talking of the average public) know about ballet is that ballet-dancers look terribly intense in the photographs, that they start training at a very early age and when they are not on the stage are holding on to a handrail.

Now for a bit about another, less publicized, aspect of dancing—the classes my readers attended, or perhaps got out of attending, in early life; taking, as they like to remind each other now, their shoes in a bag. The bag, they will remember, was the draw-string sort worked by black tapes, and the shoes were probably made of that bronze leather they haven't seen since, kept on with crossed elastic. The dancing itself consisted of six ways of turning their feet outwards, a piano playing a piece called "Pas de Quatre," some hot work with a tambourine, and a brush with the "Moonlight Sonata" which involved them in a chiffon scarf and has left them with a surprisingly detailed memory of the score. They learnt also enough ballroom dancing not to have to learn it later, and, of course the Lancers, which gives them a fellow-feeling for the people who have to do it on the wireless to old-time music. The attitude of the public to its childhood dancing-classes may be summed up as a conviction that they provide still further proof that it does not belong to this flashy modern generation, if only because they took place so long ago.

A note on the classics would fit well into this article. The word classics covers a lot of literature, including those works of fiction which some people haven't read and some have: *Roderick Random*, for instance, and *The Cloister and the Hearth*. The only reason people would give for not having read these books is that they haven't read them; if they were to start they would go on and finish them, and

MR. PUNCH will welcome any of his readers to his Stand at the *Daily Mail* Ideal Home Exhibition, where he is exhibiting selected reproductions of his drawings on the home—ideal and otherwise. (Stand No. 449, First Floor, Empire Hall.)



then they would have stopped being people who haven't read them and become people who have. But as time goes on they get so used to not having read them that they almost believe they have; and this, educationists say, is as good a test of a classic as any. Greek and Latin are of course a very large branch of the classics; in fact they really bagged the word first. A lot has already been written about Greek and Latin as they appear to the people who know them well, but I want to say a bit about their effect on the shakier types—the people who were taught Latin until it was time to stop, but were left to themselves over Greek, which they mastered in a single wet afternoon by learning enough letters of the alphabet to be able to read the Greek words in brackets in their dictionary. They use this knowledge in after-life to check up the Greek words in letters to *The Times*; they just want to make sure that the correspondent is on the right lines, and a consonant here and there is all they need. Their Latin is used more publicly, being much in demand when they are pointing out the bits written on old almshouses, even if they cannot be certain of anything more than the date.

MY last comment is on art, and on an aspect of it my readers weren't expecting at all—the comic strip. This may be defined as a row of little pictures appearing bit by bit in a newspaper. It means nothing if you see only one issue, and not much more if you follow it right through; but it does seem to grip its public. Psychologists do not try to explain this grip—they began by trying to find a striking simile for the level of tension maintained by the comic strip, found themselves thinking of yards of slack rope being gradually uncoiled, and gave up. All they say is that—if comic strips did not grip their public the newspapers would not have been given their extra allowance of newsprint so as to have more of them.

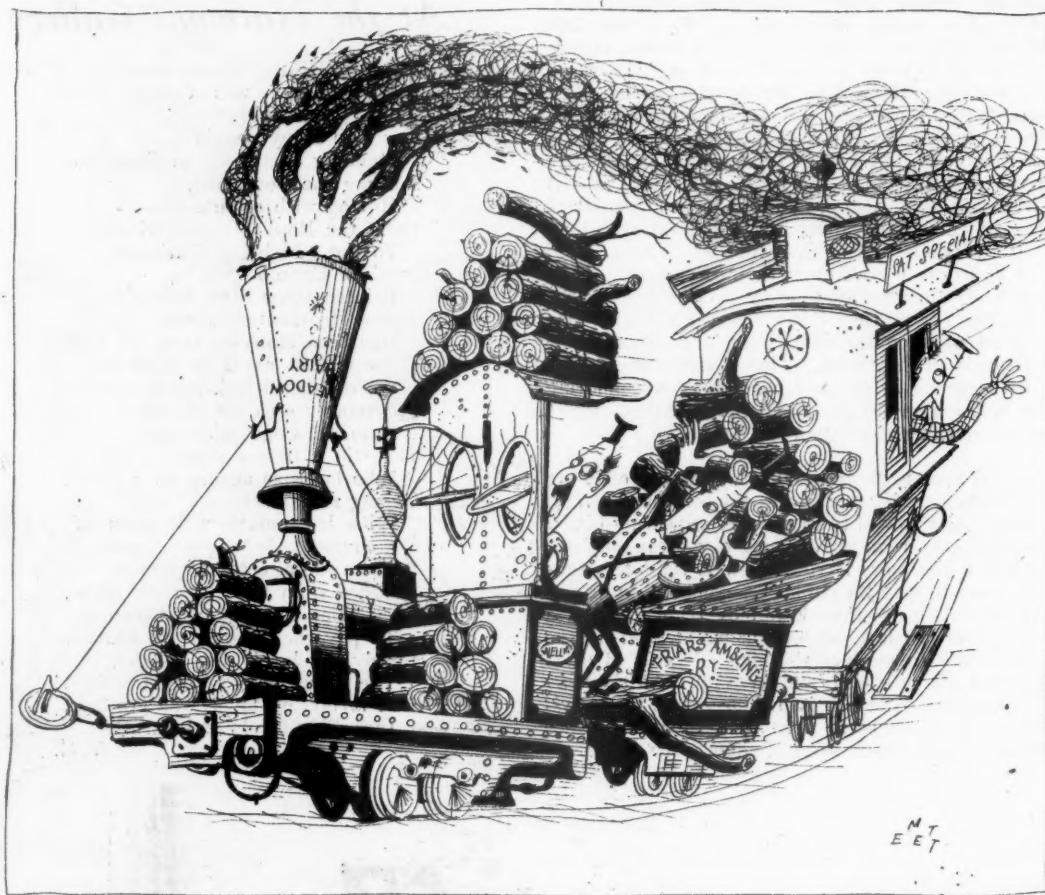
## At the National Gallery

NEVER was Art more worshipped,  
 Never was Culture more  
 sought,  
 Never so many people  
 Standing abstracted in thought,  
 Adoring the Botticellis,  
 Moving with erudite air  
 From the Raphaels and Crivellis  
 To the "Fighting Téméraire."  
 See how Cosimo Tura  
 Painted those little flowers!  
 Muriel Heathcote-Stubbins  
 Has been studying them for hours.  
 There is that ass Tom Withers  
 Whose glazed lack-lustre eyes  
 Presumably seek for pheasants  
 In one of Constable's skies.  
 There in a trance stands Sybil,  
 Who looks so absurd off a horse,  
 Gaping at Canalettos  
 With her mouth wide open of  
 course!  
 In from the streets and houses,  
 Culled from the shops and clubs,  
 They come to reverence Rubens,  
 To pay their respects to Stubbs.  
 Lovely, oh lovely the colours,  
 The exquisite grouping, the form!  
 And lovely, oh lovely the gratings,  
 Incredibly lovely and warm!

V. G.



"Oh, John, it's quite like old times—there's a mouse in the pantry."



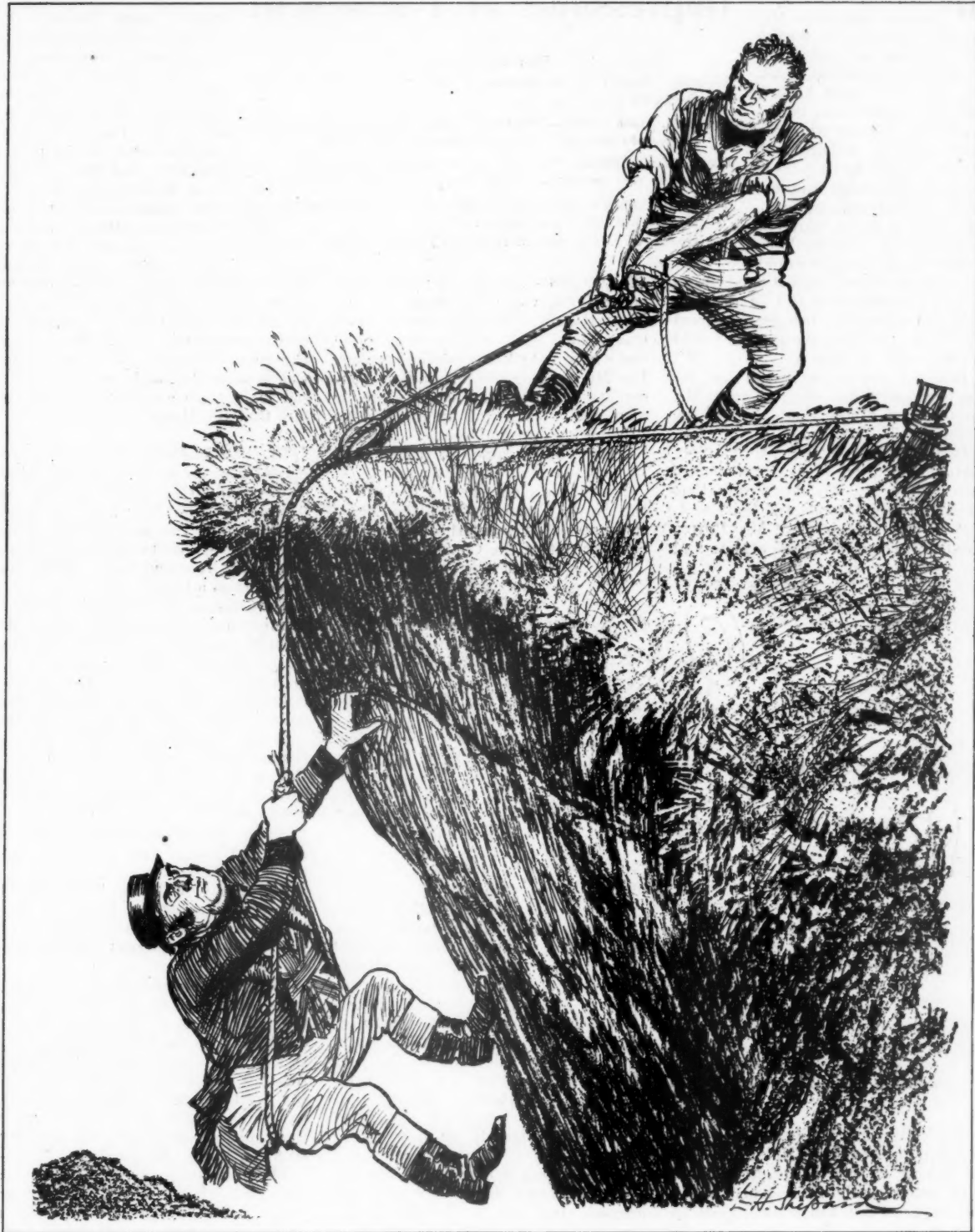
"One in the eye for the Coal Board it MAY be, but 'ave you thought about the Timber Controller?"

### The Plomber

WITH us ther was a plomber and his mate  
That at the Tabard were y-comen late,  
For they had laft hir walet, soth to seye,  
And wente back to bringe it on hir weye.  
This plomber was a worthy man with-alle;  
Up-on his cote he hadde an over-alle  
Of whyte cloth bi-smotered with mire:  
Certes, he nas nat trym of his attyre.  
He wered on his heed a bowler hatte;  
His walet was y-wove, lyk a matte,  
That hinged at his stronge sholdres doune.  
From hus to hus he went about the tounne  
In winde and froste and yse and hayle and snowe;  
Ther nas no pype or tap to him y-knowe  
That he ne coude nat stoppen atte thawe;  
Of wals and floores hadde he nan awe.

He wolde wayte an houre by the cloke  
Why! that his mate saught the tourne-coke;  
Yet coude he mende and staunchen wel  
a squirte;  
Whan that he seigh the water hisse and spirte  
At fyrste wolde he ende his smoke and drinke,  
And after go and stoppen up the kinke.  
What sholde he swinke, he seyde, or worke  
in haste,  
If that his ale or pype went to waste?  
And yet he was a worthy man, pardee.  
Ful ofte he song "Come hider, Bill, to mee,"  
But-if\* his mate hadde redy al his gere:  
To-gedre wolde they singe and quaffe hir bere,  
And wayten longe what chaunce sholde bi-falle.  
His heed was bald: I noot how men him calle.

\* Unless, if . . . not.



SELF HELP or THE ONLY WAY



**MONDAY, March 17th.**—

Nobody who sees Mr. Speaker process, in formal line of route, into the Commons' debating chamber each day can doubt that he is a man of purpose and determination. Nobody who sees him handling a turbulent House can doubt that he is resolute and strong. But few who watch his slim and neat figure as it passes through Parliament's stately halls would imagine that it would take the combined and sustained efforts of nearly six hundred and forty strong men and women to dislodge him from his Chair, and that the process would occupy some six hours.

But such appears to be the case, for the business to-day was "to move Mr. Speaker out of the Chair on the Air Estimates."

It looked a relatively simple job, even though there is a certain squareness about Mr. Speaker's jaw that would ensure a good stiff fight first. But it was not simple. Mr. PHILIP NOEL-BAKER, a renowned athlete and

## Impressions of Parliament

### Business Done:

**Monday, March 17th.**—House of Commons: Moving Mr. Speaker.

**Tuesday, March 18th.**—House of Lords: Another Little Drink. House of Commons: Moving Mr. Speaker Again.

**Wednesday, March 19th.**—House of Lords: Economics. House of Commons: A Discussion on Man-Power.

**Thursday, March 20th.**—House of Lords: More Economics. Defeat for the Government.

House of Commons: Sitting on Defence Once More.

£214,000,000—and that it would guarantee good value for money. Mr. NOEL-BAKER did it all—as he does everything—with a disarming smile and a moving look towards the Speaker. But Mr. Speaker did not budge. Conservatives got up and spoke. Labour men and women got up and spoke. Liberals got up and spoke. But Mr. Speaker, like some elevated Brer Rabbit, sat high and said nuffin'.

Every year, on the Air Estimates, the Navy Estimates and the Army Estimates, it is essential to "move Mr. Speaker out of the Chair" before the details of the Estimates can be discussed. It is, in fact, the age-old safeguard for the people with grievances. Not until Mr. Speaker is safely "moved out of the Chair" can the money be granted—and not until grievances have been discussed (and occasionally righted) can Mr. Speaker be moved out of the Chair.

It is the well-tryed (and rarely failing) principle of withholding the pocket-money until the homework is finished which has ruled in many a schoolroom and nursery. An important and historic right. But casual visitors to Parliament at this time of the year never fail to wonder about a process that conjures up fond

visions of a stately all-in wrestling match.

After a long debate which (to the layman) seemed highly technical and learned, but which the Raf-types present no doubt voted a wizard prang bang on the Minister, Mr. Speaker formally put the motion that he leave the Chair, heard without emotion that

it was passed, stepped with dignity from beneath the canopy, and left the House to its argument about money.

This was soon over, and Members departed from the Chamber with a certain air of regret. This atmosphere puzzled those in the public galleries, and was ascribed to a frustrated and somewhat masochistic devotion to all-night sittings. But the knowing realized that there was another reason. It had

been arranged that a special fleet of motor-buses was to take honourable Members, Parliamentary journalists and members of the staff home when the House sat late. And the service was to start that night, at 11.30. The sad looks were accounted for by the fact that the House rose at 10.25.

**TUESDAY, March 18th.**—Mr. Speaker was cast for the leading rôle again to-day, only this time he was to be borne from his Chair "on the Navy Estimates." The moment Questions were over Mr. JOHN DUGDALE, of the Admiralty, rose and began to recite a speech from a typed script.

The customary wrangle followed. Members raised grievances—some substantial, some less so—and the Minister went through the movements of meeting the grievances. This process is known as the redress of grievances before Supply—which means that the cash stays locked in the till so long as the marauding grouses remain at large. But in the end the motion was put, carried—and Mr. Speaker, as before, went quietly.

As he had been expelled "on the Army Estimates" last week, this completed the hat-trick.

The Navy will cost £196,700,000 this year, but, as Mr. DUGDALE said, it was cheap at the price—why, there were even to be cinemas and laundries on the warships!

Their Lordships had an interesting time talking about chewing-gum and Colonel Chinstrap's favourite topic—drink. Earl HOWE wanted to know why Britain was spending some £50,000 of her precious dollar-store on chewing-gum. But Lord PETHICK-LAWRENCE was able to assure him that it was all a mistake, that we had not bought the wretched stuff, so there. Which ended that.

The discussion on drink arose on the Civic Restaurants Bill, under which it was proposed to allow these eating-places also to sell drinks. As readers of these Impressions will recall, there was a battle on this subject in the Commons some time ago, and the



"CAPTAIN REECE"

If ever they were dull or sad,  
Their captain danced to them like mad:

"Come, tell me, please, what I can do  
To please and gratify my crew?"

*The Bab Ballads.*

[Mr. Dugdale, Financial Secretary to the Admiralty, promised better conditions for the "lower deck."]

now Air Minister, was in charge of the eviction proceedings. He strode into the House as soon as Questions were over, armed with what looked like a pile of writs but which turned out to be a speech.

He proceeded to read this out, announcing that the Royal Air Force wanted a lot of millions of pounds—



"They say there's a bottle-neck in straw."

ermined Wets and Drys ranged themselves for a return contest. But it was not half so exciting, and in the end it was agreed that the right to slake the thirst with anything stronger than tea should be limited to those who also ate a meal.

**WEDNESDAY, March 19th.**—The Lords crowded into their own little Chamber in as great numbers as they had squeezed into the Commons' Chamber to hear the debate on the economic situation. This time they were having an economic debate of their own. It was opened, in an acid and searing speech, by Lord RENNELL, who clearly did not like the Government—and still less what he called its failure to unite the nation in fighting the economic battle. And the many planners had produced no plan—not even an immediate one for this year.

But Lord PETHICK-LAWRENCE, for the Government, argued that the Government could be proud of its achievements—among which he listed resistance to demands for more goods in the shops, more petrol, and other things.

The Archbishop of YORK tactfully pleaded for a "popular" version of the Government's economic White Paper.

Lord LAYTON joined the ranks of the economic physicians who prescribe a little sunshine for the sick patient. He thought the gloom and austerity had been overdone. With this Ministers did not agree. He also thought there had been an overdose of criticism of the Government. With this Ministers heartily agreed.

Lord LAYTON's wide knowledge of his subject made his probably the most valuable speech of the debate, but there were many more fiery. Lord QUIBELL's, for instance. That noble and burly lord, who used to be a bricklayer, chucked copies of *Hansard* about in his fury that bricklayers employed by him were prevented by Trade Union action from laying as many bricks a day as they wanted to. Heaving a pile of papers on to the bench beside him, he announced that he himself could lay before breakfast as many bricks as a bricklayer was allowed to lay in a day. The House cheered enviously. Lord STRABOLGI wanted the "Dig For Victory" campaign started again, because, however hard we work, we must have a little time off, now and then, for eating. The debate was adjourned until tomorrow.

The debate in the Commons was on

the man-power position, but not much was added to the knowledge gained by an attentive listener to last week's economic debate—apart from a forceful and constructive speech from Mr. JACK JONES, a steel-worker, who made it clear to the miners that now they had got what they wanted it was up to them to see that *we* got what *we* wanted—coal.

**THURSDAY, March 20th.**—Their Lordships wound up the debate on the economic White Paper with a grand defeat of the Government. There was a fête and gala air about it all, and their Lordships hurried into the division lobbies in a sort of "Walk up, walk up!" attitude. The result was 119 for the Opposition and 30 for the Government.

Lord PAKENHAM and his colleagues on the Front bench seemed to take it all with remarkable calm. Somebody murmured "Resign!" But there was no response.

The Commons passed on to yet another aspect of the economic situation—the strength of the Forces. A few Government supporters "revolted"—in speech but not in the division lobby. That sort of revolt the Chief Whip is able to bear with some equanimity.



"What! Eggs, dear?"

"Yes, we know a hen."

## Basic Latin

(And, indeed, Basic Greek)

"I AM advised", said the Minister of Education (*Hansard*, 13th March 1947, column 236), "that copyright can exist in a list of words, provided that its compilation involved skill or judgment or some sort of discrimination; that Mr. Ogden has undoubtedly expended skill, judgment and discrimination in the compilation of his list of words which form the foundation of the Basic English system, and that he had copyright in it."

"In consideration of this payment" (£23,000), "Mr. Ogden has agreed to assign his copyright in Basic English to the Crown." (Civil Appropriation Accounts, Class II, Vote 3.)

"The copyright which the Crown is acquiring is in the Basic Standardized Word List and System." (Minister of Education, *Hansard*, 11th March 1947, column 167.)

For a good many years, like many other men, we have been exercising our "skill, judgment and discrimination,"

in the selection of English words, as all the King's subjects are entitled to do. We have even presumed to make "lists" of words which we considered good or bad. We have rejected "rodent operator" and commended "rat-catcher". We have insisted that "alibi" is not the same as "excuse", nor "anticipate" the same as "expect". We have even, greatly daring, preferred "men and women" to "personnel". But like an ass, we have never claimed any copyright in our preferences. If anyone purchases our published works we receive a modest royalty: but we shall bring no action against the purchaser if he too proclaims, however publicly, that "man" is better than "personnel". The Crown has never offered us £23,000 for our list or system, and now, we suppose, it never will.

But there is still Latin. And there is still Greek. And we hereby announce that we are compiling and copy-

righting a Basic Latin (and a Basic Greek) Standardized Word List and System. Neither of the works is completed yet; but let no man think he can get ahead of us.

Perhaps a brief indication of the principles of Basic Latin (and Greek) will be welcome. The first principle is:

### FEWER WORDS.

Every student will agree that there are far too many words in Latin—and Greek. The dimensions of *Liddell and Scott* (and the other chap, whose name we have forgotten) are enough to condemn any language. The excessive word-content of Latin and Greek is mainly due to a tiresome passion for variety, for Declensions, and Conjugations, for Tenses, and Cases, and Moods, and Genders, and other things the very meaning of which escapes us now. And, of course, Irregular Verbs.

Then, the Latin nouns are quite absurdly numerous. There will be very



few nouns in Basic Latin—perhaps fifty, not more. The Top Noun will no longer be *mensa*, a table, which has held its high position for so long for so small cause. One could conduct a conversation for days without having to mention *mensa*. No, the Top Noun will be

*Res*. A Thing.

And the Scheduled Adjectives (2) will be

*Bonus*. Good

*Malus*. Bad.

It will be seen at once that by linking the Top Noun with one or other of the Scheduled Adjectives it is possible to express almost any thought that is really worth expressing. Thus:

*Res bonus*. A good thing.

(Some pedantic ass will here intervene, no doubt, to say that it should be *Res bona*. See lower down, for the Fourth Principle—"No Genders.")

By this simple device it is calculated that many thousands of the unnecessary nouns and adjectives that clutter up the conversation of the ordinary Latin speaker will be eliminated.

By the way, as in Basic English, there will be no word *Deus* (God), and no word *Rex* (King). That leads us easily to the Second Principle:

#### HARDLY ANY VERBS

The trouble that has been caused by verbs can hardly be exaggerated. The eleven Permitted Verbs in Basic Latin will be:

*Sum*—I am

*Go*—I go

*Amo*—I love

*Habeo*—I have

*Do*—I give

*Edo*—I eat

*Bibo*—I drink

*Video*—I see

*Audio*—I hear

*Moveo*—I move

*Cupio*—I take.

And, mind you, there will be none of that tedious messing about with the Permitted Verbs. The Third Principle is NO TENSES, MOODS, CASES, AND SO ON.

*Amo bonus res*

may mean

"I love a good thing"

or "You will love the good thing"

or "They have loved the good things."

*Non moveo*

may mean

"They refuse to go"

"I am staying here"

"The buses will not be running"

"Stock-markets are steady"

"It was slack water"

"It is a flat calm."

Nothing could be simpler. And, by the way (to talk Greek for a moment)

all the verbs in —μ are out. Cannot you hear the cheers of the world?

Then we come to the Fourth Principle:

#### NO GENDERS

What could be more absurd than to have a feminine "hand" (*manus*) and a masculine "foot" (*pes*)? In Basic Latin everything will be masculine—and singular: thus—

*Sum bonus puella*.

"I am a good girl"

"She was a good girl"

"They will be good girls."

The absence of feminine adjectives, it may be objected, will make the writing of Latin verse impossible; but there will not be any verse in Basic Latin, so why drag that up?

Now for the Fifth Principle:

#### WHEN IN DOUBT USE A PREPOSITION

The Authorized Prepositions are *ab, ad, de, sub, per, super, cum, circum, ex*. Thus:

*Moveo super mons*—"I go up the mountain."

*Moveo ab*—"They went away."

*Sum super bonus res*—"It looks as if he was on to a good thing."

*Habeo ex*—"Why don't you have it out?"

*Video per*—"We saw it through."

A Short List of Permitted Words may be found useful to the student before the final work appears:

*puer*—boy

*ad puella*—meets girl

*vinum*—wine

*cibus*—food

*servus*—waiter

*quam multus*—how much?

*pecunia*—money

*eo domus*—go home

*uxor*—wife

*somnus*—sleep

*familia*—family

*labor*—work

*locus labor*—office

*mors*—death

It has been found that after only a very few lessons a Basuto herdsman has been able to maintain a fluent conversation in Basic Latin with a mountain goat.

(Copyright everywhere. You dare!)

A. P. H.

## Messages

ANY messages, Mrs. Bolster?

Well, now, let's see.

Phome went when you was out.

Dint say 'oo'e was.

I arst 'im though, becorse

You said to, dint you?

But 'e woon't leave no name.

Seemed like a shame.

No, there wasn't no message.

Oh, someone or other rungup to say

Was you going to the meetin'

Becorse about the seatin'.

I tell 'er i dint know

And she says Oh,

Oh, I see,

And she 'ungup on me.

No, there wasn't no message.

Oh, and a bit later on

Phome went again

And someone says "It's me!"

And I says 'oo?

And 'e says you know 'oo, darlin'.

And I tells 'im I wasn't you—

You was out;

And 'e says "You can't fool me with

that act, darlin'."

And I says 'im to 'oom do you

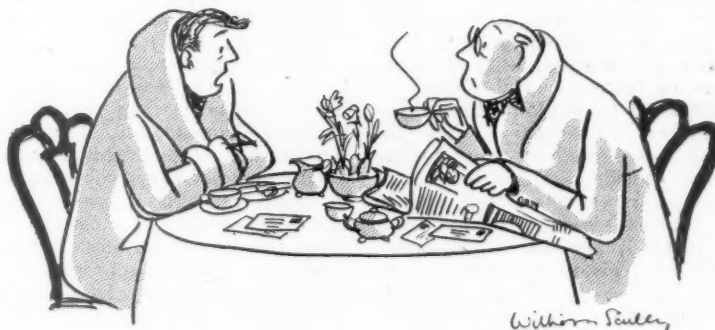
whish to speak?

But 'e rungoff.

What a cheek!

No, there wasn't no messages.

J. G.



"Cook says she's going back to spot-welding."

## At the Play

IF Society sends a man to prison it should take the trouble to be informed what prison life is like and what ferments it sets up in different types of individual. That information, and a reminder of the humanity lurking under the most hardened hide, seems to be the point of Mr. WILLIAM DOUGLAS HOME's powerful and moving play, *Now Barabbas* (Vaudeville), in which he grinds no axe and is evidently fair to a system which, if it is to deter at all, must be based on a grimness and discipline geared to the average, not to the sensitive. His *Governor*, played beautifully by Mr. TRISTAN RAWSON, is a firm and humorous man who, standing no nonsense from his older clients, hates the sterner side of his job and is shrewdly paternal with the young offender. The warders range from the bitter and tight-lipped to the breezy sort still young enough in heart to try kindness first—categories easily recognizable by the schoolboy; and the prisoners, fighting the dragging of time in the heavy tension of their ugly mess-room, are the ordinary amalgam sucked in daily by our courts—the good, the bad and, more especially, the indifferent. It is a cinematic play, with many short scenes, but the common jerkiness of this method is absorbed by the tautness of the writing and also by the tidiness of the production, for which Mr. COLIN CHANDLER is responsible. Mr. DOUGLAS HOME touches with sureness on the small revealing facets of character and is admirably unsentimental. Even in his use of the condemned-cell, whose occupant's fate shadows the whole prison, he is restrained, and his tragedy is lightened by many flashes of true comedy. There is such a list of good performers that I shall only mention, besides Mr. RAWSON, Mr. DENIS WEBB for his dynamic *Chaplain*. This play is certainly in the top bracket of those now running, and to have picked a winner so quickly is one up to the new Boltons Theatre, where it began. I suggest that a brief note in the programme

on the kind of prison described, and on its relation in terms of privilege to other prisons, would be helpful to those of us as yet unconvicted.

In *The Anonymous Lover* (Duke of York's) Mr. VERNON SYLVAINE boxes the compass of sex with audacity and ingenuity. To tangle our nautical metaphors still further, let us say that he sails mighty close to the wind with one hand expertly on the tiller and the other alert to pull the right string at the right moment. Of its kind this farcical comedy is unmistakably good, quick-moving, cut to a cunning pattern

by himself. And yet, though I admired the piece as sheer carpentry and admit it will probably please the town, its steadfast rearing of that well-known ugly head I found tedious long before the end.

Compared to so neat a tumblerful of synthetic sex BEN JONSON's honest bawdry is much more to my taste. Even though he ties flowers of poetry to its handle, he calls a spade a spade, and in the surging earthiness of Smithfield Market there is a quality of innocence lacking from the neurotic aberrations of week-end cottages and service flats. *Bartholomew Fair* is not so compact a play as *The Alchemist*, but it is a grand comedy and the Marlowe Society (Arts Theatre, Cambridge, whose anonymity forbids the personal tributes one would like to pay, braved its obvious difficulties with spirit and came through with a great measure of success. The sweeper, the fishwife and the puritan were particularly good, but most of the large cast showed individual talent and a capacity for strange and contrasting conceits. The set of Smithfield was excellent except that the puppet-show, vital to the big scene where the young squire interprets the action to an infuriated audience, was rather hard to see; and the tricksters, slubberdegullions and other urban unmentionables were a hearty, lively lot only occasionally dimmed by a slowing-down which we can readily forgive in so complex a piece. In short, Jacobean

London was a fine place for a holiday, BEN is still big, and the Marlowe can add another feather to its hat.

Ideally film-stars should remain in purdah, legendary figures likable only in projection; for it is often sadly disillusioning to find them in the flesh. LAUREL and HARDY, however, survived incarnation (at the Palladium) more satisfactorily than I expected. The sketch they appeared in was poor and they would have been better advised to give one another a whitewash shampoo or pretend to be moving a piano, but nevertheless here were our old friends STAN and OLIVER, looking curiously like themselves and as felicitously inarticulate as ever. And very nice it was to see them. ERIC.



"When I tell them nothing but the truth  
They never believe me."—*Old song, adapted.*

Marion . . . . .	MISS VALERIE TAYLOR
Olive . . . . .	MR. RAYMOND HUNTLEY
Johnny . . . . .	MR. HUGH SINCLAIR
Kay . . . . .	MISS AMBROSINE PHILLPOTTS

and proceeding with genuine wit. Four characters, two happily married couples, are prised by sudden circumstance from their well-laid tram-lines. One husband, a shy, or shyish, playwright, too quietly brought up, he says, to know much of woman, goes out to seek experience; while the other, a patient and resourceful fellow, understanding woman thoroughly, maintains a watching brief on his wife's intention to supply it. Storm, near-seduction and emotional hangover succeed each other rapidly as we pick our way lightly through a maze of prevarication to the final curtain. Miss VALERIE TAYLOR, Miss AMBROSINE PHILLPOTTS, Mr. RAYMOND HUNTLEY and Mr. HUGH SINCLAIR, an accomplished team, miss nothing in the author's plan, directed

## Romantic

A BRIGHT spot in the common privations of recent weeks has been a return of war-time camaraderie, and I suppose more conversations were struck up between complete strangers during this period than at any time since the post-rocket coolness set in.

The other evening I struck one up with a very beautiful girl who was waiting to use the telephone in the Tube at Green Park. She had been there some time before me, I think, but before her, cosily settled in the telephone-box, was a plump man with a garrulous-looking back. She had two heavy suitcases to carry, poor thing, when she had done her telephoning, and to keep her little feet warm she was doing a delicate hop-scotch back and forth over them in the creamy black slush.

The wind blew in icily from Piccadilly.

Her eyes were rather like Hedy Lamarr's, I noticed, and after they had met mine once or twice (which were grey and amused, rather like Walter Pidgeon's) she gave me the wraith of a smile. I pursed my lips slightly in one of Mr. Pidgeon's noiseless whistles and said vibrantly:

"I think he's there for the night."

It wasn't witty, but I gave it a kind of easy gaiety.

"He has been so long," she said, and smiled again, but sadly. There was a trace of foreign accent. She had not said, "I theenk," or "I t'ink," or even "I tank"—but there was something about the vowel of the "so," and a faint misplacement of emphasis.

The plump man settled himself more comfortably and began a leisurely exercise in one-handed cigarette-lighting. The girl looked at me with a tiny shrug.

"It is not as if he does not know that I am here."

"Very inconsiderate," I said.

"I wave to him in the mirror."

"Cad," I said. Then I waved to him in the mirror. He went on talking. "You can tell that this fellow is thick-skinned."

"You can tell that?"

"It is his back."

"A thick-skinned back, it seems?"

"And very talkative."

"He talks too much?"

They were statements of agreement rather than questions; it was just a little trouble she had with her inflexions. She nodded several times, so that her small chin buried itself in



*"It's nearly a month now since you promised to move us."*

her furs, and she gravely hop-scotched over the suitcase nearest to me, nearly losing her balance for a moment. It was nothing. My hand under her elbow set her right again at once. Her balance was a good deal more assured than mine, probably.

"If only he would make haste!" she said, and she gave a short little sigh, putting her head on one side and looking at her watch.

"He is too fat," I said. "Besides, he's quite comfortable. He's generating a nice lot of warmth in there. What does he care about us?"

The plural pronoun went over better than I had dared to hope. She was fumbling at her purse, and turned to me suddenly with the shadow of a pout and said, "Poor little us." Then she dropped a sixpence. I picked it up. She thanked me with her eyes and dropped a threepenny-piece.

"My fingers are so co-old," she breathed, and dropped a halfpenny with a little cry of apology. We

bumped our heads ever so slightly picking up the halfpenny. I said gaily, as we put our hats straight, "That's the very last one I shall pick up for you." She threw a hopeless look at the telephone-box, and a smile and a shrug at me, then crossed to the booking-office.

I was quite warm, perhaps with all the stooping. At any rate my practical chivalry came surging back.

"I'm going to get the fellow out," I said loudly, and was wondering whether to shout at the man, or rap sternly on the glass, or both, when he suddenly hung up the receiver and came out. I called pointedly to the beautiful girl, "At last, madame!" and went into a humorously gallant bow. After a few moments I came out of it again, just in time to see her gliding down the escalator, turning to throw the plump man the wraith of a smile as he followed with the two bags.

The wind blew in icily from Piccadilly. J. B. B.





—DAVID  
SINGH—

"Any invisible imports?"

### Our Booking Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### Soviet Foreign Policy

THE theme of *The Great Globe Itself* (MACMILLAN, 8/6) is the necessity laid upon the democratic countries to oppose a united front to the totalitarian imperialism of the Soviet Union. Its author, Mr. WILLIAM C. BULLITT, American Ambassador to Russia from 1933 to 1936, is outspoken. He has seen from the inside the mistakes his country and ours have made in their dealings with Russia, and he wishes these mistakes to be retrieved in time. The first and greatest, he holds, was President Roosevelt's belief that the enormous quantity of war material sent from the States to Russia would predispose Stalin to co-operate with America and Britain in the establishment of a peaceable, law-abiding world. How entirely this belief lacked any foundation Mr. BULLITT demonstrates in his trenchant analysis of Soviet foreign policy, which from the beginning has consistently aimed at imposing Communism throughout the world. Soviet amiability, Mr. BULLITT shows in the course of his analysis, always arises from the tactical needs of the moment, and is lacking in the genuine goodwill which Mr. BULLITT believes to exist in the Russian people as distinguished from their government. There is therefore no course open to the rest of us except to oppose an unyielding front to Soviet expansion, while waiting for the Russians themselves to modify their present attitude to the outside world. We must, says Mr. BULLITT, "gain

time to permit the growth of moral ideas. It will take some time for moral ideas to grow in the Soviet Union."

H. K.

#### Liffey Lane

Miss MAURA LAVERTY'S new novel is a *Pippa Passes* without the spiritual vitality that renders Pippa's chance encounters momentous for Asolo. Chrissie Doyle, aged fourteen, with the tail-end of a newspaper-round to finish out of school-hours, is the typical "little mother" of a vanishing world. Her background is the seamy side of contemporary Dublin, the ugliest of its moral tatters being displayed by the more "respectable" of Chrissie's customers. As a set-off to their depressing antics a spotless convent dispenses penny dinners and good advice to hard-pressed widows like Chrissie's mother and hard-pressed orphans like Chrissie. The hopelessness of the home is taken for granted. The late Doyle apparently "beered," and Chrissie's brother Lar must needs gamble unchecked rather than face a feminine snub in front of his boon companions. It is the old Juno and the Paycock theme; and Miss LAVERTY has made as little effort as O'Casey to pull her world together. *Lift Up Your Gates* (LONGMANS, 8/6) combines the tract at its least illusory with gratuitous sops to "realism." These ideological extremes are, in practice, co-efficient; but oscillation between them is a sad affair—sadder than the material straits the author has so sympathetically depicted; and Chrissie's ultimate destiny holds out little hope for the innumerable Chrissies of Dublin.

H. P. E.

#### The Persian Scene

There is a real descriptive talent both in the narrative of *Pictures from Persia* (ROBERT HALE, 15/-) and in the vivid and humorous coloured drawings which diversify the text. Mr. CECIL KEELING opens his story in Bagdad. The picturesque, squalid, menacing and comic aspects of Bagdad are well rendered, and the author himself, an English officer, can be inferred from his account of the urchins plaguing him for baksheesh, followed by the reflection—"One wonders if the Crusaders walked, stolid and red-necked and a little disapproving, through the streets of Acre, with the gamins swarming round them like flies." From Bagdad he went on to Kermanshah and Qum, passing on the way a large Polish camp, where the soldiers looked to him "so much more military than we did, with their square faces and frosty blue eyes." His first sight of Persians was disappointing, six men "dressed in seedy, ill-fitting European suits of rusty black and the sort of flat black cap that English villagers wear on Sunday." But in spite of beggars like hideous figures in German sixteenth-century engravings, and incredibly expert thieves, and baths out of a petrol tin in a tent with nine other persons in it, and all the other discomforts incident to campaigning, the author has brought back many fascinating memories; the merchants of the bazaar, black-turbaned Kurds, the deep-toned bells of a camel train in the still night, the Golden Dome of Qum gleaming on the other side of the misty plain.

H. K.

#### History in Miniature

In *Wootton* (OXFORD, 21/-) Colonel CHARLES PONSONBY interprets the records of an ancient parish to show the growth and change of one small corner of the English countryside. It is the trivialities of village life which fit together to form a large piece of our social and economic pattern; and Wootton, with roots running back as far as man can trace, was a good village to choose. Woodstock,

of whose manor it formed part, was besieged in the Civil War (parish business continuing) and was given by Anne to the triumphant Marlborough; and perhaps no less a distinction was the possession in the twelfth century of what is thought to be the first park wall in England, seven miles in circumference and built to contain a strange collection of wild animals. But the little intimate details, crammed full of suggestion, are what is fascinating here. To learn that the pea crop of 1277 was an utter failure is not to absorb a mere statistic—it takes one right back through time with a bump of hard reality. There is a whole short story in "Paid for stockings and other odd things for Becket's girl, 1/9," found in the Overseer's Accounts for 1734. And what could be more significant than these two items from the Churchwarden's Accounts: "Paid for oyle for the klok, 1/6" (1707) and (1724), "Gave to two men y was burnt by thunder and litning 1/-"? Colonel PONSONBY's own commentary is scholarly and enlightening. He brings Wootton, or rather a long series of very slowly evolving Woottons, vividly before us. The picture is complete, but for one curious omission. The pub. Has anything played a more vital part in the life of a village?

E. O. D. K.

### Irish-American

There seems little point in importing from America a brand of fiction produced much better over here. *Our Own Kind* (COLLINS, 9/6) is a variant of the Irish proletarian odyssey so ably handled by the Cronin School; and one is not surprised that the mutual repercussions of immigrant labour and the industrial slum are much the same whether the setting be Clydeside or New England. Under the regime described by Mr. EDWARD MCSORLEY, however, "No Irish Labour Need Apply" was the sign displayed to Ned McDermott, on his arrival, by the shops and mills of South Providence. Yet Ned got going in an iron foundry; his son was killed there; and he brought up Willie, his grandson, to aspire to schooling and a black coat. Why O'Connell's "finest peasantry in the world" invariably drifts into the town life for which its long immunity from civic standards has totally unfitted it is the really interesting, topical and important question this long casually-constructed novel fails to answer. As a document it has the dingy impressiveness of its kind. Its most pleasant feature and its most moving tragedy—Ned's love for and loss of his dog—is a relic of rural values. As a commentary on life its crudity of style and outlook are surprising and disheartening.

H. P. E.

### Royal Philharmonic

Mr. ROBERT ELKIN follows up his *Queen's Hall: 1893-1941* with *Royal Philharmonic* (RIDER, 21/-), a straightforward history of the Society to which English music owes more than to any other. At the beginning of the last century orchestral music was not flourishing in London; the "Concert of Ancient Music" was in premature decay, had, moreover, no permanent orchestra and was in fact more a social than a musical affair. The group of musicians and music-publishers that came together in 1813 aimed to exchange for the casual aristocratic patronage of guarantees a solid professional co-operative association in order to establish and keep in being a full orchestra. Musician members were to give their services free; all were to be of equal status and therefore only concerted music was to be played. In the event all this was gradually changed. When the baton replaced direction "at the pianoforte" authoritative conductors were engaged for longer or shorter terms, solo instrumentalists were introduced; and both were paid on a modest but increasing scale, as were the

members of the orchestra. By the middle of the century high reputation was deserved by high standards and no continental musician of distinction, invited to perform at a Philharmonic concert, disdained either the honour or the fees. The Society survived all setbacks—fickle public patronage, differences of opinion and outright quarrels, serious financial crises. Its great aim to establish a permanent endowed orchestra, frustrated by grudging support of those who might so easily have made it possible, has at the last been fulfilled—by the B.B.C. It remains for the "old grand Society" to continue its great work in new circumstances by providing the stimulus of competition, thereby making less likely a future totalitarian direction of English music.

J. P. T.

### Saving the Current

There seems to be no end to Mr. AMBROSE HEATH'S ingenuity. For years now he has been writing of all manner of Good Food with the same tender love that Lamb showed for one dish. His new book, *Good Cooking On Rings* (FABER, 3/6), comes out at the best possible time for all of us, though it was written for those who like to be hospitable without a kitchen. He reminds us how the hot-plate area of a single gas ring may be extended by a metal sheet, propped up on bricks, and an oven be made from a biscuit tin. He gives recipes for soups that are "meals in themselves," tells us how to doll up sardines, make mock white-bait from whiting, render offal delicious and (greatest triumph) turn salt cod into much less of an ordeal. All his recipes are simple to follow and imaginative. As an optimist, he has included instructions on the cooking of rice, and though we may not experiment with that just yet, we can have toffee-pudding for lunch if there is treacle in the larder. Until Mr. HEATH writes *Good Food Without Stint* we can be helped by this book, though the days of peace are not so piping as the hot dishes he describes.

B. E. B.



Ronald Searle

"Here is, someone with a message for you."



"Like to come out and get warm, guv'nor?"

### A Small Teapot

JUST as I was beginning to despair of seeing a child's teapot again I noticed the secondhand shop. The door was stiff, the little old man who ricocheted off it on the inside stiffer still.

"I suppose you haven't got such a thing as a small teapot?" I asked diffidently, my gaze sweeping the wash-stand, bird-cage, derelict laundry-basket and rather handsome beaded hassock which appeared to comprise one lot just inside the door.

"Not a SMORL one, I haven't," replied the old man reflectively, and turned his back on me—I thought for ever, but he was busy rummaging among some steel fire-irons on a table.

"There's this," he said, suddenly confronting me with an object which appeared at first sight to be a particularly fine pumpkin executed in orange and black. My fascinated gaze at last noticed a minute hole for the tea to

come through and a slot at the other side which constituted the handle. Apart from the fact that one's knuckles would have been in close contact with the side and consequently burnt to the bone, and that no person of ordinary strength could have lifted it, it was certainly a striking object.

"I don't think so," I said, with the lingering wistful tone I have so easily acquired in my latter years of shopping.

He brought forth a battered and repellent metal teapot picked out with bright green streaks of verdigris.

I demurred.

He pointed out a solid silver one on the top shelf priced modestly at a hundred and twenty pounds.

I demurred still further.

Just as I was turning to go I saw it. It would hold two cups beautifully, it was made of fine china dotted with exquisite small sprigs of wild flowers.

It was quite perfect.

"That's just what I want," I cried. "Don't tell me it's sold!"

"Oh, THAT!" he said disgustedly. "That's a CHILD's teapot; I thought you said a SMORL teapot. Not worth calling a teapot, that thing isn't."

I fingered it lovingly.

He looked suddenly rather huffy.

"You can 'ave that ole thing for sixpence if you think it's worth it," he said, with the air of one who washes his hands of the whole incomprehensible affair.

I had it.

o o

### Another Step Forward

THE atom for a peaceful end They mean to harness, it is said. And when will someone recommend A tiger as a nurserymaid?

ANON.



## The Good Old Coaching Days

**T**HE Lent races and the Torpids are over. Did you ever study rowing coaches?

In my opinion the better the coach, the less he says. But that is true of dramatic critics.

I find a rowing-coach can dress up to look exactly like the real thing, only to spoil it by talking. You find the same error in young ladies.

On the other hand a coach can look like a tramp cyclist and be much respected because he goes away when the outing is over without saying a word.

You wonder, then, what purpose a coach fulfils. The answer is that it is *infra dig.* to go out in an eight unaccompanied by an admirer on a bicycle. The duty of the admirer is to enhance the trip by demonstrating admiration; and not to nullify it with depressing comments.

Even if a coach has something on the tip of his tongue that might be helpful, there are reasons for not saying it. The people in the boat will not hear what he says. They would not be able to follow his suggestions if they heard them. Coaches who insist on offering advice before the bumping races are told either that they really needn't worry because it will be all right when so-and-so gets back, or that as racing is to start the day after to-morrow it is simply no use trying to alter their methods now.

Looking upon the boating scene in February one had cause to wonder why some people are ever appointed coaches. The explanation is that there are more crews seeking admirers than there are admirers.

Apart from being a volunteer, an admirer must be able to bike fast enough to keep his crew in sight, and when the towpath is narrow, as at Cambridge, and he has to keep crossing from one side of the river to the other, which entails dismounting and running beside the bicycle, like a cavalryman in a Red Cross race, this is asking rather a lot.

Everyone puts up a better show if he is being watched, especially women who mend stockings under a bright light in the windows of shops.

When sixty crews are getting ready for the Lents, coaches ride up and down the towpath, first with one crew, then with another, and they show considerable skill in the way they swerve to avoid other coaches travelling in the opposite direction. Both

are turning towards the river, and are trying to concentrate on the crew with which they believe they started out. Often they get back with some different crew altogether, and it is interesting to study the expression of a coach who dismounts to welcome his charges only to find he does not recognize one of them, or even the boathouse into which they are going. Incidentally there are certain types who persist in getting off their bikes to lean them against trees. They then wipe the inside of the megaphone mouthpiece, polish the face of the stopwatch, clear their throats and motion the crew into the bank, as if they were police dealing with a motorist who has beaten the lights. The crew at first think coach has got a telephone message for one of them, but as soon as they find he only wants to talk about rowing they tell cox to get away sharp, and he does.

At Boat-Race time at Putney things are different. Coach will not now accompany the crew unless he is given a basket chair on a launch. And he wants to bring with him one or two smartly dressed women and a few of his directors from the City. Surrounded by people such as these, he is only too relieved to find that he is not expected to give any rowing instructions.

The custom is that the crew go afloat, and wait in the cold until the friends of coach are comfortably seated aboard under rugs, and light refreshments are being passed round. Once the guests are satisfied they are

sitting in the best places the next thing is to wave to friends on the towpath who have not been asked on board. This is just about as mean as sending picture postcards from seaside resorts to friends who are not able to afford a holiday.

In the midst of all this chatter and vanity coach himself goes aboard in cap, muffler and whatnot, festooned by watches and carrying a megaphone under his arm as if it were a bottle of whisky, and it is just as unlikely to be put to his lips.

Choosing a moment at which he has his back to the crew and is being introduced by somebody to the girl friend of one of the crew, the driver of the launch sets off at speed to overtake the crew, who have by now reached Hammersmith and are feeling very cold.

On coming alongside coach prepares to ask the crew how they feel to-day so that the guests can hear what they reply, whereupon the crew set off in the opposite direction, pursued breathlessly by the launch.

They all arrive back at Putney, and while everyone is being ferried ashore there is a pleasant little scene on the towpath. The guests are thanking coach for having them, and coach is thanking them for coming.

It may be noticed that coach (who now wears a rowing cap) has worn a bowler all the week which he lifts by the brim, or a soft hat which he lifts by the dent in the top, and that now he is trying to uncover to each lady in turn in a manner which needs practice. Some coaches prefer upward suspension by means of the cap button, and wish it were a tassel. Some grip the peak, which only pulls the cap forward and blinds them. Others try to gather the thing in one hand like a tea-cosy.

In conclusion I can remember only two comments by coaches which have made any impression on me. One was a muttered warning by a coach who had stopped beside his crew two miles up the river and felt he ought to say something; so—"Cave, boys," he said, with a glance over his shoulder, "here comes the captain!"

The other instance provides one of the most remarkable cries of rowing encouragement it has ever been my lot to hear.

"Now," this fellow said, "be nice and dignified over the stretchers."

And he wasn't even in the St. John Ambulance Brigade.



"Will you marry me, darling—and before April fifth, so's I can get an allowance off my income tax?"

## The Woman

**A**N air of tragedy broods over our flat, because we have just had to get rid of our Woman. In my childhood they used to call themselves charwomen, and then they called themselves charladies, and nowadays in this locality they call themselves Women, and our particular specimen seemed, at first, to be an admirable sample of the race. When she first came she was so obviously efficient and courteous and willing that we simply couldn't believe it, and Edith said that she must be a secret drinker, while I leaned to the view that she probably had fits of madness, when she murdered her employers with a hatchet. So excellent a Woman, we argued, was certain to have her foibles.

After she had been with us about a fortnight she went to Edith with a small request. "I don't want to put upon you at all, ma'am," she said, "but if you *could* oblige me just for a day or two, I'd be ever so grateful."

"What is it?" asked Edith, determined to yield to any reasonable request, such as the loan of the family plate or her best evening dress.

"It's my little girl," said the woman. "Her aunt that has been minding her while I've been here of a morning is took bad. If you wouldn't object to her coming with me to-morrow . . . she's as good as gold."

Naturally Edith yielded without a murmur, and the little girl was certainly not much trouble except that whenever she escaped from her mother she wandered round the flat opening doors and peering inside, and when she caught sight of me she always burst into a fit of uncontrollable sobbing.

Three days later the Woman not only brought Eileen—the little girl—but added a small boy of eighteen months to the collection.

"I'm afraid I'm rather putting on you," said the Woman, "but you know how it is these days."

Edith said she knew how it was, and brought the little boy to be introduced formally to me, in the hope that friendly relations would at once be established and a second contribution to our stock of uncontrollable sobbing thus avoided. The precaution was unnecessary, as the child seemed to find me great fun from the first, and spent most of his time in my study, treading on my manuscripts and upsetting ink over the carpet.

Next morning, punctually at nine o'clock, we were alarmed to see that the Woman's entourage was further increased by a sharp-featured old lady.

"My grandmother," explained the Woman. "The wheel has come off the pram, so she carried baby, and as her

breath's short I hope you won't mind her sitting down in the kitchen for half an hour before she goes."

After that the grandmother became a regular visitor, and, as the Woman said, it seemed ridiculous for her to go all the way home and then come back again at twelve to fetch baby, so she stayed all morning. Ours is rather a small flat, and by this time it seemed to be literally thronged with the Woman and her family. Sympton happened to call round one day, and he warned us solemnly that the local council had strong views about overcrowding, and that our attempt to make money by running a crèche without a licence would land us in trouble.

We began to get a bit restive when a friend of the grandmother started dropping in for elevenses with monotonous regularity, and one evening Edith told me that she had given the Woman a week's wages in lieu of notice.

"She was so pleased with herself this morning," Edith told me. "Her husband and her husband's brother are expected home from India to-morrow on demobilization leave, and as the husband's brother has a wife and six children and no house I felt that the time had come to draw the line."



"Bin 'aving trouble with your jet propulsion these last three weeks?"

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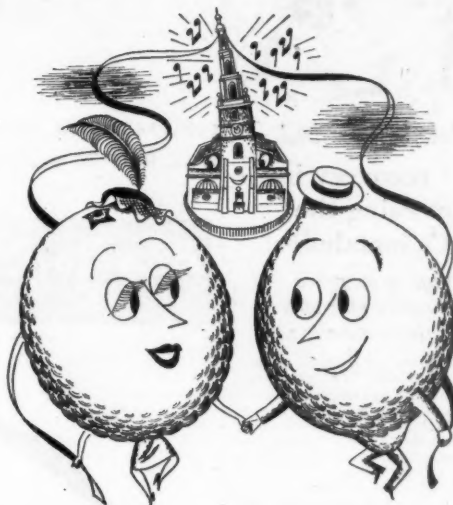
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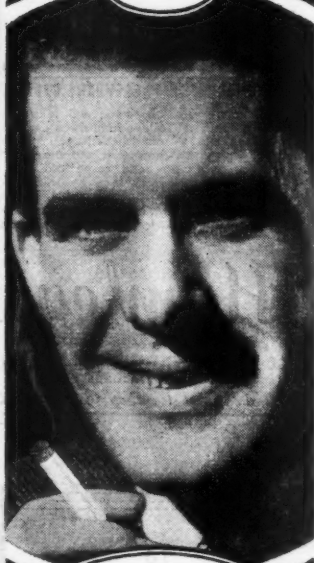


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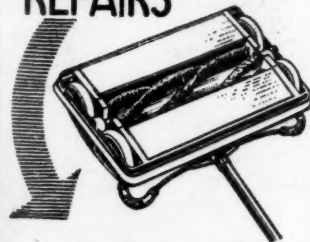
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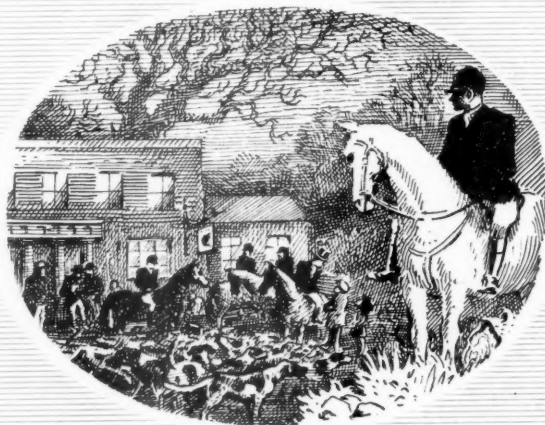
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*Illustration specially drawn by Mervyn Peake*